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THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE

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THE EDITOR.

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❧ A PREFACE ❧ THE ISSUE OF THIS PERIODICAL BY THE PROPRIETORS DIRECTLY FROM THE CHISWICK PRESS, SO THAT THEY MAY MORE NEARLY CARRY OUT THEIR ORIGINAL INTENTION, SEEMS TO PRESENT A FITTING OCCASION ON WHICH TO SUM UP AND MAKE CLEAR, WHAT, AS YET, LIES SCATTERED THROUGH THE SUCCESSIVE NUMBERS OF THE PAPER, NAMELY, ITS PRECISE AIMS AND THE VIEW OF ART SET FORTH IN IT. BRIEFLY, THEN, AS FAR AS SO WIDE-REACHING A SUBJECT CAN BE THUS TREATED IN THE SPACE OF A FEW PAGES, THESE CHIEFLY ARE THE PRINCIPLES OF WHAT WE HAVE ENDEAVOURED TO SAY AND DO, IN THE THREE YEARS DURING WHICH THIS PERIODICAL HAS BEEN PUBLISHED.



HERE is but one centre of absorbing interest, common to all men, and pre-eminent at all times, the conduct of life; and in proportion as all other matters approach it, so also do they become filled with interest. At any one moment

in the life of a nation the need of morality may seem to be paramount; but a study of its continued history will show that it has other needs of equal importance. Of these at the present time we popularly admit but one, the need of knowledge; while the need of manners and of beauty are acknowledged only by the few. Had the sense, so widely prevalent in the reign of Charles I., of the necessity of beauty, now alone associated with the unjust exactions of a political party, withstood the overwhelming and sterile endeavour after a state of life wholly dependent upon morality; had this sense of the necessity of beauty survived, and had it permeated the people, it would have been impossible for the present deadly state of society to have come about.

Certainly the greatest Art is that which interests itself most deeply in the conduct of life, which, while it is striving to satisfy our need of beauty, its chief matter of concern, is mindful also of our other needs; not, as so much of our Art

has been, sedulous of our need of morality alone, but careful, also, of our need of knowledge and manners. For this end, therefore, Art must exist for its own sake, as an expression and ornament of life. The moment it is approached merely as a means of making a livelihood, and much more with any ambitious interests of a "commercial" kind, it ceases to be Art. There is, perhaps, nothing more wonderful among human things, than the extreme expressiveness which the most unyielding of materials assumes during the process of an art. The clay in the brick-field, the wool in the loom, the colour upon the canvas, suddenly become sensitive as the human touch itself, laying bare with appalling certainty, in what spirit the workman has used them, *ad gloriam Dei aut mammonae*, whether in desire of beauty, or of mere getting and spending.

To take delight in work, to lose all sense of toil in the effort to make beautifully, that is what an age of Art gives to her craftsmen; and how much of the work of this life is of the nature of a craft. But for us there is no such age; for into the common things of the household use of to-day this element of beauty, of taking delight in production, does not enter. Art in its highest sense, in the sense in which it was understood in the great ages of Greece and Italy, is at this present time an exotic in the hands of a few men. The bulk, one might almost say the entirety, of what passes for Art in our public buildings, our houses, and our books, the work of our great popular school, is not Art: it is too influenced by commercial interests, too dependent upon the political eminence of our country to be that. "It is not the arts that follow and attend upon empire, but empire that attends upon and follows the arts. . . . Commerce is so far from being beneficial to arts or to empires that it is destructive of both, as all their history shows. . . . Empires flourish till they too become commercial, and then they are scattered abroad to the four winds."

But there is another school in England, influenced chiefly by the modes of Art and Literature prevalent at the present time in France, of which it can neither be said that they are guided by commercial interests, nor that they do not take pleasure in their work. On the contrary, the exponents of this school are to their own ideals truly devoted; still the ten-

dency of these ideals, a tendency of a purely scientific nature, threatens to be deeply injurious to Art. But here, it may be well to draw some distinction between the temper of Art, and the temper of Science. Essentially the distinction is this, that while the function of Science is to submit the mind to things, the endeavour of Art is, on the contrary, to submit things to the mind. "Quare,"—as Francis Bacon said of Poesy,—“Quare et merito etiam divinitatis cujuspiam particeps videri possit; quia animum erigit et in sublime rapit, rerum simulacra ad animi desideria accommodando, non animum rebus (quod ratio facit et historia) submittendo.” And it is precisely this scientific effort to submit the mind to things, which is every day becoming more and more characteristic of our painters, sculptors, and of our writers. Indeed, in the practice of the pictorial arts, its influence would seem to be of no passing nature; and it has already reduced exhibition after exhibition of pictures to a mere series of studies from the model. For the most part, the skill and dexterity with which these pictures are done is unquestionable; still, they remain merely studies from the model. But if we would appreciate fully the evils of this tendency, we must go back to its chief source in France. In reply to certain questions put some time ago by the correspondent of the “Daily Telegraph” to M. Zola on the subject of marriage, that famous exponent of Naturalism said, amongst other things: “. . . it is not my province to provide remedies. I and my friends are Artists, Romanciers, Realists, or ‘Naturalists,’ whatever term you like, and we paint things as we see them in all their hideous ugliness and filth. We minutely describe the social ulcers and odours, and we leave to the legislator the task of sweeping them away.” In short, then, according to M. Zola, *disinterest* is the aim of Art. But let us turn back to the Art which has lived through many ages, which still lives, and set it against this view. In the successive histories of Greece, Rome, mediaeval Europe, and of more recent times, how differing Art has been both in regard to its ideals and temper, how various in its methods of thought and work, and yet one quality constantly recurs, the endeavour after *fine interest*.

It is neither practical, nor necessary, here to point out that this term of “fine interest” is at once catholic, yet ex-

clusive"; that it embraces the art of Catullus, Dante, Leonardo, equally with that of Jan Steen, Watteau, or Robert Browning; and yet is altogether intolerant of any unscholarly, gross, or vulgar trait. To touch upon every quality which is included in this term, would be to speak of whatever is admirable in Art: still it may be well to digress a little into particulars as regards a certain quality, or rather a whole sequence of qualities, now too rarely found in our work. I mean the inner culture, the refining away of all that hinders in us the spiritual faculty. How seldom do we find in the work of men who have sprung up during the last ten or fifteen years, that "impressibility to the sacredness of time, of life and its events"; that power, as Blake has put it, of seeing, not *with*, but *through* the eye, of discovering in the commonest things around us "the vision of God."

*"To see a world in a grain of sand,
And heaven in a wild flower;
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour."*

Here is the highest exercise of the spiritual faculty, the faculty by which the actual and sensible things of our everyday experience are made to express, and in a definite and absolute way, the illusive thoughts and shapes which haunt the creative mind. Very different is this from the vague uncertain dreaming which too often passes for true imagination. For this is never uncertain, never vague; and what is most characteristic of it at its highest, is the delicate balance between the matter to be expressed and the manner of expressing it, of which Virgil was so great a master, and of which we have a famous instance in his "Sunt lacrymae rerum." "To express new and profound ideas in a perfectly sound and classical style," to walk unharmed in the fire, that is the problem. The various arts, after all, are only various modes of expression; and nothing without thoughts and ideas worthy of such expression. Among our younger painters especially, the aim is to be able to paint, and beyond this they have no ambition. Yet how can a man learn to paint unless he has first learned to *live*? But this brings us back to our former conclusion, that Art becomes great only in proportion as it interests itself in the conduct of life.

More than two years ago it was pointed out in this perio-

dical, that it is not until we come to a study of Architecture, that the conditions of the highest Art are unmistakably and irrefutably brought before us: for the greatest qualities of Art, as a living expression of thought and emotion, are the result of the much discipline, upon which Vitruvius insists in the very first line of his treatise. Indeed the highest architecture is almost entirely dependent upon this discipline, the discipline of regarding the disposition of a work as a whole, and relating, both as regards form and mass, every one part to every other part, mindful always of fitness, harmony, proportion, and symmetry. It is the presence of the power and charm resulting from this discipline, which so distinguishes the Samson Agonistes of Milton, or a fugue of Bach's, from our contemporary literature and music, which, though they have other qualities, equally admirable, of their own, have not this quality. It is dominant in all Greek and Latin Art, in the work of the great age of the Italian Renaissance; and the final success of Sculpture and the Decorative arts is impossible without this architectural sense. Even in the setting of type we find its influence, separating the earlier Venetian books from the later Dutch impressions. In this connection lies the true unity of Art; and only under the influence of a unity of this kind, can the arts attain their perfection. Now the present condition of the Art of this country is largely the result of the deplorable state of our architecture, and of the manner in which our Painting, Sculpture, and the Decorative arts are carried on without reference to this fundamental art, which bears the same relation to them as does the frame to the picture. Were we candidly to set forth our estimate of the Architecture of to-day, we should certainly pass for persons endued with more prejudice than criticism. Of some matters it is not always possible to speak. But we may to a certain extent illustrate our position towards Architecture by an example in Sculpture, the Gordon monument lately erected in Trafalgar Square. This public monument is the work of one of our most accomplished living sculptors, an artist who, in lesser efforts, invariably gives us very sensitive and scholarly work. The sculptor, we are told, and in this he is unlike the great Italians, consulted an eminent architect with regard to the design of the pedestal, thus admitting some question of the sufficiency of his own architectural

sense. Certainly the result is such as might be expected from this combination, for not only has the architect failed him, and the proportions of the pedestal are altogether unpleasant, but the mass of the pedestal is in no way related to the mass of the statue. Yet in the accomplishment of these things lies the architectural sense, and the first conditions to be fulfilled in monumental art. The effectual sense of mass in antique and Italian sculpture can only be traced to their authors having mastered the greater difficulties of mass in architecture. When such reference to Architecture ceases in Sculpture, this effectual sense of mass dies out; and we have the George IV. of Chantrey, instead of the Colleoni of Verrocchio.

To re-create the architectural sense, how many fine and desirable issues are involved in that aim! But this, it will be objected, under the present conditions of society is impossible. It is not, indeed, possible for us to produce architecture which shall be effectual; but to prepare the way for an age of effectual architecture, to distinguish and seize upon the abiding qualities and principles in the architecture of the past, and not to mistake dead externals for living essentials, that is a quite possible end for individual effort. And in the effort and genius of individuals lies the success of any future Art.

It is of individuals, not of schools, or societies, that Art is in need: and it was the hope of this periodical to provide a quiet place in which men, who were at one in their fundamental ideas about Art, might give free expression to their individual thoughts and sentiments, might assert that individuality of conception and of treatment, which is so interesting, which is so important, which is not in the very least incompatible with a clear apprehension of what are the immutable principles which underlie all Art, everywhere and for ever. "De gustibus non est disputandum," that is, as we find it translated in "Tristram Shandy," there is no disputing about Hobby Horses. This is the precise title of our Periodical, and the significance of it will be evident in the light of what has just been said. Only, be it remembered, it is not in the matter of the fundamental, immutable principles of Art, but in the matter of their individual expression, that what we playfully call "men's hobbies"

have their place. And in this spirit it has been our aim to touch upon all the arts in their relation to one another, especially in their architectural relation; and to insist upon them as the most living and lasting expression of life. We are used thus to regard the *fine* arts; but how many of us look upon the Decorative, or minor architectural arts, in any serious or worthy aspect? We are content that their productions should recall to us the "interests" of the manufacturer, or the vulgarity of the shopkeeper, never guessing, in our contempt for them, how very real is their power to add largely to the resources and pleasures of life. It is not, then, a trivial endeavour to insist upon their dignity, to render them the sphere no longer of the tradesman, but of the artist, of the man whose work, though it be but the making of household stuffs, or of the common utensils of daily life, expresses the better part of himself, and of his hopes and thoughts. And so by continually asserting the most honourable titles of such work of the hands, it may perchance be our good fortune to win to the cause and pursuit of such Art men of culture and delicate sensibilities, whose lives might otherwise be ineffectually passed amid the sterile aims and restraints of the present state of society. For these lesser arts, equally with the finer arts and the arts of literature, are capable of giving us infinite support and consolation, if we but approach and use them in a right spirit. In charming us into activity, they are able to cheat us of the weariness, the *ennui* of life; and in their unbounded capacity to take to themselves our energies, they lessen the restlessness of life. Who, then, would not endeavour to labour for this end, looking forward to no Utopia, but to the day when Art, neither severed, nor degraded, shall steadily burn as with one flame, and assuredly be counted among the number of the divine consolataries?

Thus much for the ideal which we have set before us. But the conditions of the age in which we live are of such a nature, that the utmost which can possibly result from our efforts can prove but a very partial success. The sum of these efforts, after all, is only to gain the point where creative activity really begins. Were we living in the age of Michelangelo, all this had been superfluous. In such an age can Art alone be said truly to live: "there is the promised land towards which criticism can only beckon. That promised

land it will not be ours to enter, and we shall die in the wilderness : but to have desired to enter it, to have saluted it from afar, is already, perhaps, the best distinction among contemporaries ; it will certainly be the best title to esteem with posterity."

THE EDITOR.



TWO BABES. A MIDWINTER BUCOLIC.

*[A Stable on a Hill. The Virgin and
Child: to them enters the Old Year.]*

The Old Year. I have gathered all my sheaves,
I have scattered all my leaves,
All my flowers have fallen down,
Only thorns my forehead crown ;
It is time I were away,
Leaving youth the lengthening day.
Little else than boughs for burning
Take I with me in returning :
Men have filled me with their sin ;
May a better time begin !
Infant God at Mary's knee,
I leave the infant year to Thee.

*[He passes Westward; and the
New Year enters from the
East.]*

The New Year. A moment born but giant strong
To roll the toiling orbs along,
I hold for twelve months in my hands
Lives outnumbering the sands.
On me the World's whole hope is set,—
Christ, aside. And not on Me,—do men forget?

The New Year. But I tremble at my load,
And the cold, untrodden road,
The wandering crowds that press and
throng,
Where lust is rife and drink is strong ;
Till drifting down the broadening vale,
Like autumn leaves upon the gale,
The sere lives are swept along,
Leaving destined chairs unprest
In the circle of the Blest,
And chords imperfect in their song.
I am sent these souls to win
How shall I my task begin ?
Christ. Begin with Me. Oh ! take My hand,
That here beseech, who might command.
Let us wander forth together

In this dark and wintry weather :
Now you've come we can begin
Asking who will take us in.

Mother, I must go away
To play once more My passion-play ;
Once more in Gethsemane
To go through mine agony ;
And once more to climb the road,
Carrying for men My load,
Up the hill to Calvary.

The Virgin.

I will wait in heaven and pray
Until your ascension day.

The New Year.

Thou art the Christ ! my Lord and God,
Let me accompany Thy road.
With Thee I do not shrink to go
Into the wintry world : but lo !
The gray spirit gone before,
Amongst his footprints at the door
Has thrown something on the snow,
A token left to speed,—or warn :
Look what it is—a crown !

Christ.

Of thorn,

Like the one that I have worn.
But come with Me and do not grieve ;
Men's hearts are open to receive
The Hope you bring to help their woe,
For I bring Love.

The New Year.

Ah ! let us go.







N ENGLISH PROSE STYLE :
A LECTURE DELIVERED IN
LONDON, AT THE BEDFORD
COLLEGE FOR LADIES, ON
THE 10TH OF OCTOBER, 1888.

No one should write himself down in his dotage by becoming a mere praiser of past time : nor is it well to repeat the cant prevalent some years since, that who would write good English must study the " Spectator " ; the first enunciation of the modern fashionable notion, only half believed, that Art and Literature reached the point for all after-imitation in the reign of Queen Anne. While Cardinal Newman and Walter Pater, Thomas Hardy and Hesba Stretton, live among us, each in his or her own way showing the perfection to which, in this age, our language can be wrought, he would be a bold man who would assert that even in the adaptation of sound to sense the art of style has in any degree decayed. There has been change ; faint and gradual differences separate the prose of one epoch from that of another ; Milton, Gibbon, Macaulay write unlike each other, not only because they were different in character and in temperament, but because they lived in different ages.

It may be doubted whether the greater diffusion of education, while it has certainly brought more writers into the field, and more bad writers, since in a matter of style the number of careless persons always preponderates ; has not also confused the minds of readers, robbed them in a degree of their clearer judgment, interfered with their sense of proportion, spoiled their quick apprehension of what is fine art in writing. When the dread of examination was not upon the mind of every boy and girl in the land, it was more easy to consider style in what was read. Profusion brings confusion. But as the body is not the better simply for being fed, apart from the graces of the table, so the mind is harmed of that student who takes facts, or even fiction, without care for the manner in which they are presented. This indiscriminate variety of reading makes it unquestionably difficult to distinguish good style among the writers of our own day. We are the children of the century, we think the thoughts of the men and women around us, and we have a tendency to

admire those writers who put our own ideas into form, without always considering whether the form be good. We have to place ourselves in an attitude of criticism, and this sometimes appears to be irreverent towards those whose opinions have influenced us. But this must be done by all who would hand on unsullied English to future generations.

Let us see if there be any principles which may guide us in our study. It is an obvious remark, that the spoken word precedes the written, and that writing only exists, because each man cannot speak directly to all others. The written word differs from the spoken in that it is more measured, dignified, thoughtful: it were pedantic if men always spoke as they would write. But at the same time, all good writers have spoken well; they have not been necessarily great talkers, or orators, they may have been naturally silent, but what they said was clearly said, and with fitting words. A careless speaker will be slovenly and inaccurate in writing. If a young man says in answer to a question, "It will suit me down to the ground;" or a young woman says, "Oh thank you ever so much, it will be awfully jolly;" we know that the elementary meanings of words are still sealed to them, and it is quite impossible that any book worth reading can proceed from them. The first characteristic of a good style is, an accurate and cautious estimate of the values of words: and I would add this to some excellent remarks of Mr. Arthur Galton, in a preface to his recent work "English Prose from Maundeville to Thackeray." He says: "It is more profitable to study prose in concrete examples, than to hold vague and general theories about style. . . . In all ages the really great writers have differed very little from one another; all good prose has the same qualities of directness, plainness and simplicity. And good prose can still be written whenever a writer condescends to think clearly, to stick to the point, and to express his ideas in the plainest, the simplest, the most direct and unpretentious way." (Preface to "English Prose," Camelot Series.) And long ago, Steele said precisely the same thing about the art of conversation.

"If I were to choose the people with whom I would spend my hours of conversation, they should be certainly such as

“laboured no farther than to make themselves readily and
“clearly apprehended. . . . To have good sense, and ability
“to express it, are the most essential and necessary qualities
“in companions. When thoughts rise in us fit to utter . . .
“there needs but very little care in clothing them.” (“Tatler,”
On Eloquence.)

It follows from this, that a writer should have somewhat to say. The great corrupters of English style are the newspapers. Of course, here and there, you get an article vigorous and terse, so good in style that our first regret is that it should not live, but be forgotten before the close of day; but the greater part of our daily newspaper reading comes from the people who ask what they shall write about, not from those who write because they must. Still, as when the Psalmist sang, there is but one true reason for utterance: “I believe, therefore will I speak.”

Now for some examples of “simplicity, plainness, directness,” and their contraries. Take first a very ordinary subject, the description of some place or fact known to the writer by his own experience or reading, which he wishes the reader to see vividly in the same light, as that in which he sees it.

“Demerara yields to no country in the world in her birds.
“The mud is flaming with the scarlet curlew. At sunset
“the pelicans return from the sea to the courada trees.
“Among the flowers are the humming birds. The colum-
“bine, gallinaceous, and passerine tribes people the fruit
“trees. At the close of the day, the vampires, or winged
“bats, suck the blood of the traveller, and cool him by the
“flap of their wings. Nor has Nature forgotten to amuse
“herself here in the composition of snakes,—the camondi
“has been killed from thirty to forty feet long; he does not
“act by venom, but by size and convolution. The Spaniards
“affirm that he grows to the length of eighty feet, and
“that he will swallow a bull; but Spaniards love the super-
“lative. There is a *whipsnake* of a beautiful green. The
“labarri snake of a dirty brown, who kills you in a few
“minutes. Every lovely colour under heaven is lavished
“upon the counacouchi, the most venomous of reptiles,
“and known by the name of the *bush-master*. Man and
“beast fly before him, and allow him to pursue an

undisputed path." (Sydney Smith, Review of "Waterton's Wanderings.")

In this there is no single word superfluous, no epithet which does not tell; it is simple, plain, direct, admirable prose, yet not what we call prosaic; there are touches of humour, and of dread, while the colour is brilliant as a painting. No one who has ever heard or read that passage can fail to have some conception of the bird and snake life of Demerara, as Sydney Smith conceived it; and therefore in its way it is a triumph of style.

Now take the well-known sentence from Russell's "Modern Europe" about the behaviour of the Goths in Italy: "They hunted the bear on the voluptuous parterre, the trim garden and expensive pleasure ground, where effeminacy was wont to saunter or indolence to loll." It is scarcely possible to have more faults; the riming syllables at the outset, the idiotic epithets, the personification of qualities, the ignoble word which concludes it without just cause.

The passage from Sydney Smith is an excellent example of plainness; I can best show by its opposite what is that other quality of style, directness. All bad writers are indirect; yet to be so is a peculiar attribute of women who write ill. Here are two specimens, from an author I will not name, because on the whole she writes well, and is not in this respect worse than many others.

"Watching her sitting at his window, at work on nice things for his comfort, to be worn as she fondly hoped in the coming winter, which he knew he should never see, he remarked the beauty of her face and form. . . . In her pale blue linen dress, and bunch of field daisies, he thought her charming." Again, a single sentence a few pages later: "What was the reason of her writing at all I could never make out."

And, that I may be impartial, I will take a very flagrant example from a male writer: "A handsome manly fellow appeared Mark Elliot to the hundreds of eyes that were bent on him." The author means to say that Mark Elliot was handsome; what he does say is, that some one appeared to be Mark Elliot. This sort of thing comes, as a rule, from simple slovenliness. Yet of course so soon as a writer is master of the words he uses, he may invert his sentences

with good effect: he must do so at times in order to give due emphasis. The opening sentences of "Adam Bede" are a case in point.

"With a single drop of ink for a mirror, the Egyptian sorcerer undertakes to reveal to any chance comer far-reaching visions of the past. This is what I undertake to do for you, reader. With this drop of ink at the end of my pen I will show you the roomy workshop of Mr. Jonathan Burge, carpenter and builder, in the village of Hayslope, as it appeared on the eighteenth of June, in the year of our Lord 1799." That is a very pregnant sentence. One less sure of her powers would have written, and ought to have written; "The Egyptian sorcerer undertakes to reveal far-reaching visions of the past with a single drop of ink for a mirror;" and the same with the next clause. Yet you feel at once that so the life and spirit would have gone out of it. The inversion is legitimate because the vivid point to be brought before your mind is the swarthy boy with the ink in the palm of his hand, as described in a passage in "Eothen," which George Eliot had in her mind; because, too, she determines to let you into the secret of her own deliberate habit of composition; the poised pen with the drop of ink at the end, waiting till she had ordered and balanced her whole sentence, before she wrote down a word. But although inversion may be used with great force, you will find, as a rule, that the goodness of a style is generally in proportion to the rarity with which the privilege is taken.

It is the same with the simplicity of sentences.

That style is best, as a rule, which is freest from parentheses. In letter writing it may be otherwise, for a letter aims at showing the thoughts as they arise, orderly in a well-ordered mind, but not so classified as to be pedantic. And again, the parenthesis may be used to excess with a certain comic effect, to give the impression of a discursiveness which does not really exist; as in Charles Lamb's Essays, in "Tristram Shandy," and in Cowper's Letters: but the student must avoid parentheses, making each sentence convey one thought and no more. Yet not every author who is free from parentheses is therefore simple. Macaulay, for instance, is often laboured and confused, though the unwary may sometimes mistake brilliancy for transparency. Lest this should seem

a perverse judgment of my own, I will quote what Lord Cockburn wrote of Macaulay's style.

"To my feeling Macaulay is always ponderous. In the
"two one-things needful, thought and knowledge, he never
"fails to be admirable. But his mere style I cannot approve
"of. I know no great writer whose style is so dangerous to
"youth. It is more so than even Gibbon's, because his other
"qualities are more attractive than Gibbon's. His elaborate
"brilliancy, constant antithesis, and studied quaintness of
"manner are all wearisome. But these faults, though still
"gross, and even paraded as his peculiar excellencies, are
"diminishing, and if the progress shall end in simplicity he
"will then be a good writer. Simplicity should be his aim ;
"all that is bad of him may be traced to the want of it."
(Cockburn's "Circuit Journeys," p. 273.)

But, after all, you may be thinking that these are but different ways of putting the same thing ; they are excellent qualities for a piece of straightforward narrative like an account of Ceylon, or the record of facts, such as you have in a newspaper. How when the *subject* is complicated, when the writer is not only giving you in the best way he can a sort of superior auctioneer's catalogue, but feels himself, and wishes to arouse in you, wonder, admiration, love, hate, scorn, piety, and all the various passions which to clothe in words is the part of the master ? What are we to say of those storms of melodious sound which we hear in the great authors whose succession has never failed from the beginning of the fourteenth century till now ; from Maundeville and Malory and Latimer to those men and women of our own day, who, in spite of many evil examples, still write English, free, dignified, and pure ? What of such passages as Ruskin's description of the Campanile of Giotto at Florence, and the peroration of Newman's Sermon on the Parting of Friends ; the two instances selected by Charles Kingsley as the finest examples known to him of modern prose ? The answer is not simple, but I trust to make you see what it is.

First, no writer of a fine passage is at the time aware he is writing finely. A bit of deliberate fine writing is quite sure to be turgid, bombastic, unreal. But if the thought be lofty, then, language being the vehicle by which thought is communicated to others, the language must of necessity rise also,

and the beauty of words will correspond to the ideal beauty in the mind. This will be easier understood if we consider the place in the chapter in which such celebrated passages occur.

Cardinal Newman's words on music are a portion of a sermon preached before the University of Oxford in 1843, on "The Theory of Developments in Religious Doctrine." The history of the formation of religious dogmas demanded and received from him the most precise and guarded language. But as you read, you feel he is burning with great thoughts, which he must give in the simplest words. We are conscious of underlying passion, irony, scorn, even humour, but all held down as by an iron hand. At last he has to speak of music, not as an integral or necessary part of his subject, but only as an illustration. And therefore, music being his darling art, he may let himself go, give way to the storm of excited feeling which has surged within him. Yet unconsciously, as the orator when moved by true feeling is unaware of the vibrant tones of his voice. This is the passage :

" Let us take another instance, of an outward and earthly
" form, or economy, under which great wonders unknown seem
" to be typified ; I mean musical sounds, as they are exhibited
" most perfectly in instrumental harmony. There are seven
" notes in the scale ; make them fourteen ; yet what a slender
" outfit for so vast an enterprise ! What science brings so
" much out of so little ? Out of what poor elements does
" some great master in it create his new world ! Shall we
" say that all this exuberant inventiveness is a mere in-
" genuity or trick of art, like some game or fashion of the
" day, without reality, without meaning ? We may do so ;
" and then perhaps we shall also account the science of
" theology to be a matter of words ; yet, as there is a
" divinity in the theology of the Church, which those who
" feel cannot communicate, so there is also in the wonderful
" creation of sublimity and beauty of which I am speaking.
" To many men the very names which the science employs
" are utterly incomprehensible. To speak of an idea or a
" subject seems fanciful or trifling, to speak of the views
" which it opens upon us to be childish extravagance ; yet
" is it possible that that inexhaustible evolution and dis-
" position of notes, so rich yet so simple, so intricate yet so

“ regulated, so various yet so majestic, should be a mere
“ sound which is gone and perishes? Can it be that those
“ mysterious stirrings of heart, and keen emotions, and strange
“ yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions
“ from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by
“ what is unsubstantial, and comes and goes, and begins
“ and ends in itself? It is not so; it cannot be. No; they
“ have escaped from some higher sphere; they are the out-
“ pourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created
“ sound; they are echoes from our Home; they are the voice
“ of Angels or the Magnificat of Saints, or the living laws
“ of Divine Governance, or the Divine Attributes; some-
“ thing are they besides themselves, which we cannot com-
“ pass, which we cannot utter—though mortal man, and he
“ perhaps not otherwise distinguished above his fellows, has
“ the gift of eliciting them.”

Just in the same way, the thought rises, and the eloquence rises with it, in the chapter called the “Lamp of Beauty,” in the “Seven Lamps of Architecture.” The whole chapter is masterly. The earlier part is written with a certain stateliness. Ruskin passes through a long catalogue of ornament and design, which according to him make for ugliness, to justify his position. In all this the writing is lucid, but there is nothing remarkable; all is good, and deserves study, but it could not be quoted for any distinctive features. But now he comes to speak of the perfect beauty with which Salisbury Cathedral rises out of its surrounding greensward, and the Campanile of Giotto at Florence stands out against the sky. He contrasts the two in a passage, of which the whole were too long to quote; and then is carried out of himself, is swayed by a certain inspiration, in speaking of the artist who conceived the latter work.

“ I said that the power of human mind had its growth in
“ the wilderness, much more must the love and conception of
“ that beauty whose every line and hue we have seen to be
“ at the best a faded image of God’s daily work, and an
“ arrested ray of some star of creation, be given chiefly in
“ the places which He has gladdened by planting there the
“ fir tree and the pine. Not within the walls of Florence,
“ but among the far away fields of her lilies, was the child
“ trained who was to raise that headstone of Beauty above

“ her towers of watch and war. Remember all that he became,
“ count the sacred thoughts with which he filled the heart of
“ Italy, ask those who followed him what they learned at his
“ feet ; and when you have numbered his labours, and received
“ their testimony, if it seem to you that God had verily
“ poured out on this His servant no common nor restrained
“ portion of His Spirit, and that he was indeed a King among
“ the children of men, remember also that the legend upon
“ his crown was that of David, ‘ I took thee from the sheep-
“ cotes and from following the sheep.’ ”

The last line is an example, as I imagine, of an unconscious alteration of one sound for another which is more pleasing to the ear. No one better understands the value of “ apt alliteration’s artful aid ” than Mr. Ruskin, but he also knows that alliteration may be overdone. Now we have in the last sentence three f’s ; “ from the sheep-cotes and from following.” The word in the Psalms is “sheepfolds.” “He chose David also his servant, and took him away from the sheepfolds. As he was following the ewes great with young ones he took him, that he might feed Jacob his people and Israel his inheritance.” The preponderance of the “ f ” sound is not unduly felt among the many words ; but the moment the sentence was condensed, it was evident that “ sheep-cotes ” would be better than “ sheepfolds.”

I would however beg you to notice that unconsciousness in writing, which is largely the secret of all good work, is quite another thing from unconsciousness in revision. With all his splendid qualities, Ruskin is a less excellent artist than Newman, mainly because he is more self-conscious. But the passage once written, and on the whole accepted by the judgment, then comes the time when no care and finish can be too great, when “ cotes ” would be accepted and “ folds ” rejected, when jingle and the too frequent recurrence of the same word would be carefully avoided. Mr. Pater lately wrote an Essay on “ Flaubert,” in which he quoted what that master of style says about revision. “ Neglect nothing. Labour ! Do the thing over again, and don’t leave your work till you feel convinced you have brought it to the last point of perfection possible for you. In these days genius is not rare. But what no one has now, what we should try to have, is the conscience of one’s

"work." And further in the same essay Mr. Pater tells us that Flaubert "sat, month after month, seeking sometimes "with so much pain, the expression, 'the phrase,' weighing the "retention or rejection of an epithet—his one fixed belief the "belief in beauty, literary beauty, with liberal delight at beauty "in other men's work, remembering after many years the precise place on the page of some approved form of sentence."

Whoever would write well must care about the work for its own sake. There are those who will tell you they cannot write unless they are in the humour, who work spasmodically, and therefore idly; there are others who find no difficulty at all, who can force out as many lines on one day as another, whatever be the weather or their own moods. Of such was Anthony Trollope. No doubt he was pleased with the men and women he created, and you can read his stories, it might be truer to say you could read his stories; but I doubt if he had real interest in the work, or cared in what words he clothed the story he had to tell; he went to his work as the journeyman grocer takes down the shutters, and weighs his moist sugar, as the mercer's assistant handles his yard wand; the interest of his life lay elsewhere. And therefore his style is detestable, his chapters end wearisomely; you feel he laid down his pen with relief, his pulse beating as calmly as when he began; no thrill, no sense of melody, no cadence in his words. Charles Kingsley, who wrote a good style, when he took time to prune it, would grow so excited as he wrote that he had to leave his standing desk, and rush into the open air to pace his garden and to smoke, before he could calm himself down again to the mere act of writing, so much did his words interest and move him. But because Trollope did not *feel*, however he might like to tell a story well, and make his puppets dance, he comes to the end of a chapter where, as an architect puts his ornament on coign and frieze, or a woman lace on the edges of her garments, graceful and eloquent words find natural and appropriate place; and we find him ending his chapters thus: "'She is not my style at all,' said he. 'But of course a man " 'is obliged to be civil to girls in his own house.' And then " 'they all went to bed.'" Of course they did, but what need to say it, and leave such a ragged edge? We turn a few pages: "And so it was that Christmas day was passed at

"Noningsby." A few more: "Mr. Mason was not a contented man when he sat down to his solitary beefsteak in Soho Square." This is sugar weighed out in pounds, ribbon cut into lengths. I do not say that this is always wrong; but whether the chapter is mere narrative, or is meant to be passionate, full of incidents which thrill, so far as Trollope can thrill, he is always at that same level; there is no quiet striking of some gentle chord to let the music die away.

Now take Scott. Perhaps the most striking single scene in the whole range of his works is the interview at Richmond between Jeanie Deans and Queen Caroline. "'Our business is, I think, ended for the present, my Lord Duke,' said the Queen, 'and, I trust, to your satisfaction. Hereafter I hope to see your Grace more frequently, both at Richmond and St. James's.—Come, Lady Suffolk, we must wish his Grace good morning.'" The business of the chapter is over, how shall he end it? Not "And so they went up the avenue," but "They exchanged their parting reverences, and the Duke, so soon as the ladies had turned their backs, assisted Jeanie to rise from the ground, and conducted her back through the avenue, which she trode with the feeling of one who walks in her sleep."

The way to end a chapter or a book is perhaps as good a lesson in style as you can get. I will quote three examples to explain what I mean when I say that there is the place for eloquence; because there the thought and the interest culminate, and the silence comes at once with double impressiveness; or else a few chords bridge the gulf between the music and the stillness. Here is a passage which all must know. Sir Walter Raleigh did not set himself to write finely, but he put into words what such a soul felt, when "with no cold gradations of decay" he was to pass into the great unknown life.

"O eloquent, just and mighty death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised: thou hast drawn together all the farstretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet.*"

And here is a simpler passage, the end of Miss Stretton's "Michel Lorio's Cross." A man scouted by the Breton peasants of his village, because he was a Protestant, has at the cost of his own life saved that of a little child.

"Michel Lorio was dead, and all that could be done for him was to carry his dead body home to his paralytic mother, and lay it upon his bed in the little loft, where he had spent so many hours of sorrowful loneliness. It was a perplexing problem to the simple people. Some said that Michel had been permitted to save the child by diabolic agency, which had failed him when he sought to save himself. Others maintained that it was no other than the great archangel St. Michel who had securely fastened the net upon the stake and so preserved Delphine, while the heretic was left to perish. A few thought secretly, and whispered it in fear, that Michel had done a noble deed, and won heaven thereby. The Curé, who came to look upon the calm dead face, opened his lips after long and profound thought—'If this man had been a Christian,' he said, 'he would have been a saint and a martyr.'"

Our third example shall be one which does not travel beyond the simplest words at the command of any villager. It is the conclusion of Mr. Hardy's "The Woodlanders," which he puts into the mouth of a girl, the poorest of the poor, at her lover's grave.

"'Now, my own love,' she whispered, 'you are mine and only mine, for she has forgot 'ee at last, although for her you died. But I, whenever I get up, I'll think of 'ee. Whenever I plant the young larches I'll think that none can plant as you planted, and whenever I split a gad, and whenever I turn the cider wring, I'll say none could do it like you. If ever I forget your name, let me forget home and heaven. . . . But no, no, my love, I never can forget 'ee, for you was a good man and did good things.'"

Yet another paragraph will I quote, as an example of how sentences of direct, simple, plain narrative, not without a touch of humour, can glide at once into words of extraordinary beauty, under the stress of passionate feeling. Cardinal Newman vindicates his Church for showing honour to images; and part of the defence is a very characteristic

argument, that dishonour to images implies the contrary. "What is meant," he says, "by burning Bishops, or Cardinals, or Popes *in effigy*? has it no meaning? is it not plainly intended for an insult? Would any one who was burned in effigy feel it no insult? Well, then, how is it *not* absurd to feel pain at being dishonoured in effigy, *yet* absurd to feel pleasure at being honoured in effigy?" Then, after working out this idea in somewhat more detail, he has this paragraph, worthy of the most careful study from the point of view I have selected.

"But this is not all; Protestants actually set up images to represent their heroes, and they show them honour without any misgiving. The very flower and cream of Protestantism used to glory in the statue of King William on College Green, Dublin; and though I cannot make any reference in print, I recollect well what a shriek they raised some years ago when the figure was unhorsed. Some profane person one night applied gunpowder, and blew the king right out of his saddle; and he was found by those who took interest in him, like Dagon, on the ground. You might have thought the poor senseless block had life, to see the way people took on about it, and how they spoke of his face, and his arms, and his legs; yet those same Protestants, I say, would at the same time be horrified had I used 'he' and 'him' of a crucifix, and would call me one of the monsters of the Apocalypse did I but honour my Living Lord as they their dead king." ("Present Position of Catholics," p. 181.)

You will notice the collocation of strong monosyllables at the end of this example, and though I would not urge you to imitate it, or indeed any point of style, servilely, yet should you find your thoughts naturally clothe themselves in such a sentence, you will not reject the phrase because it has a rise rather than a cadence, and you will remember you have admirable authority. The close, for instance, of a famous passage in Latimer's "Sermon of the Plough" is wholly monosyllabic. He says of the Devil: "And when he had once brought Christ to the Cross he thought all cock sure."

In the quotation from Sir Walter Raleigh the whole is but one long sentence; Miss Stretton's sentences are shorter,

the whole divided much more frequently by periods. Cardinal Newman's are more flowing; Lord Macaulay chops up his sentences at times into mincemeat. Neither plan is wrong. There is no rule for the length of sentences, but that of clearness and emphasis. One of the most full and pathetic sentences in the whole range of literature consists of two words only: "Jesus wept." Some of Milton's are like a musical fugue in their long and stately march. But it will, I think, be obvious that in a narrative, sentences will be shorter; because the thoughts are more various and broken, than in a philosophical treatise, where the thought is progressive. For instance, the concluding sentence of the Rev. H. B. Wilson's Bampton Lectures, next to Newman's the finest pulpit oratory known to me in our days, consists of no less than 170 words. The passage is this: "Finally, if in the course of these Lectures questions
" new to some have been opened, if in the minds of some,
" in young and vigorous soils, there shall have been sown
" seeds of thoughts concerning God and man, and divine
" law, and human history, thoughts worthy to be matured
" anxiously, and when matured, it may be, submitted here-
" after to the judgment of their own generation, let me
" request such to carry also with them this caution, which I
" trust has been sufficiently present to myself: that no
" member of a communion or society is bound, either by
" public or private duty, to unsettle received opinions where
" they may seem to be erroneous, unless he have a reasonable
" hope, as it appears to him, that he shall be able to sub-
" stitute something better in their place: we should not rob
" weak wayfarers in this worldly scene of the reeds on
" which they lean, unless we can strengthen their feeble
" knees or supply into their right hands stronger staves to
" lean on."

That quotation for one purpose serves also for another. A pedantic rule tells us never to end a sentence with a preposition. But you will see that the whole force and rhythm of the sentence is destroyed if you substitute for the last phrase "stronger staves on which to lean." And do not think me trivial that I accentuate the effect of a change in only a few words. A whole chapter or section of a book is like a musical work, it is built up of paragraphs, as that is of movements; the word corresponds to the note, the sen-

tences to the phrases, the parts of sentences to the chords. In that art you are conscious of a correct or incorrect chord, a beautiful phrasing, a false modulation. So, unless those who hear me can recognise absolute perfection in that sentence from the Epistle to the Hebrews: "Turned to flight the armies of the aliens"; in Shakspeare: "Nay, this my hand will rather the multitudinous seas incarnadine, making the green one red"; in Milton: "A noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks"; I speak to those who cannot understand, and am as one who to such as know not one note of music from another should play some elaborate symphony, and expect them to unravel its "linked sweetness."

I mentioned how Flaubert could recollect after many years the exact place on the page of some favourite sentence. That is what we all have to remember: a good sentence, musical, balanced, harmoniously proportioned in itself, is the foundation of the paragraph, as is the chapter of the book.

In the "Contemporary Review" for April, 1885, you will find a very clever paper on style by Mr. Louis Stevenson, in which he has a few weighty words on the sentence. "Each phrase," he says, "is to be comely in itself, and between the implication and the evolution of the sentence there should be a satisfying equipoise of sound, for nothing more often disappoints the ear than a sentence solemnly and sonorously prepared, and hastily and weakly finished."

Now having said as much as you can bear on principles, suffer me to say a few words on details. These must be mainly negative; though the first is positive. Be careful about punctuation, and stop your work as you mean it to be read. Modern writers are incredibly careless, and take little note of the value of stops, which they reduce as far as possible to the comma and the period. The colon is almost neglected; but it is extremely valuable, as marking a limb of a sentence, where the period is not needed. Use a comma always, if possible, rather than a parenthetical sign, and dashes as rarely as may be. And this, not only because a page so written looks ugly, but because your

reading, and the sense of your writing, is affected by the marks you use.

You will, of course, be careful about grammar, though not all popular writers are so. There are two faults against which a caution is needed. If a verb has its own inflexion, use it; and do not supply its place by an auxiliary verb. In poetry constantly, for the sake of the metre, in prose often from mere carelessness, you will find people say "he did enjoy," for "he enjoyed," "he did love," for "he loved." The one phrase in which this is absolutely offensive is "did have": as, "did you have a pleasant walk?" "did you have your dinner?" instead of "had you a pleasant walk?" And with these I would class such disgraceful vulgarisms as "to have a look" instead of "to look"; "to have a smoke" and not "to smoke"; and, worst of all, "to put in an appearance" instead of "to appear," or simply "to come."

The next slovenliness, which is common, increasing, and always to be avoided, is the thrusting of the adverb between the infinitive sign and the verb: "they seemed to greatly enjoy the proceedings"; instead of either "they seemed greatly to enjoy"; or, "to enjoy greatly."

Again, from sheer carelessness, you often find such a sentence as "It was Jones who devised and carried out the plan"; instead of "Jones devised and carried out the plan."

Victor Hugo has one inestimable rule, which deserves to be graven on the memory of all who essay to write: "*Quand la chose est, dites le mot.*" Use no paraphrases such as Macaulay loves: apply the dictum in its fullest measure and in all its meanings; and of whatever you have to speak do so in the most direct and unequivocal manner.

And so we return once more to principles. We have the tongue of Raleigh and Walton and Milton, in which Bunyan and South and Defoe wrote so plainly, directly, and vigorously: wherein Shakspeare out-tops, as yet, all English writers; and it has come down to us unstained and almost unchanged. A great responsibility to such a treasure is laid on those who write, but also on those who read. Leave the circulating library on one side, and study the acknowledged great writers, in them devoutly read by day, on them meditate by night: so shall the great treasure of speech committed to your charge suffer no diminishing nor loss.

C. KEGAN PAUL.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Deep and hard the snow lay,
Deep was the ice on the water-way :
Deus misericordiae !
On their frozen fingers the shepherds blew,
And their wolf-skins round them tighter drew.
God, how the wind cut ! huddled low
Herdsmen and herds lay sheltering so.
Deus misericordiae !
Venti furorem reprime,
Ne pereamus frigore.

Suddenly, hark ! what sound breaks ?
And the heaven's aglow with golden flakes,
Archangelorum Domine !
As the quivering tongues of a mighty fire ;
From the midst whereof, in choir on choir,
What Sons of the Lord of heaven and earth
Are these that herald a God's birth ?
Archangelorum Domine !
Mortalium quis intime
Spectabit, Lux tremenda, te ?

The wild wind's stayed, the earth's warm :
O herdsmen and herds, what thought of harm ?
Omnipotentia gloria !
On their knees they're fallen : an angel cries,
'The winter's over, O shepherds, rise !
'Be not afraid : to Bethlehem Town
'This night is the great God's Self come down !'
Omnipotentia gloria !
Qui natus nobis omnia
Vertisti in pacifera.

What the sight they find there ?
A Child new-born in a stable bare,
Jesu, Deus demississime !
A Child in a manger, a Mother Maid,
By whom shall the terrors of hell be laid,
The proud fly scattered, the weak prevail !
Sweet Child and Mother, we cry you, Hail !
Jesu, Deus demississime !
Finito mundi tempore
In coeli domum accipe
Humiles nos, Rex altissime ! Amen.
SELWYN IMAGE.



OME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE
AND PUBLIC WORKS OF JAMES
GIBBS, ARCHITECT.

I. *Sed puerum est ausus Romam portare docendum
Artes.*—HOR.

If we consider the material to his hand, its abundance and its accessibility, there is in the "Anecdotes" of Walpole no notice so singularly inadequate as the notice of Gibbs. The article upon Wren is confessedly but a critical sketch, for the history had already been given at length in the "Parentalia"; but with that of Gibbs there was not this excuse. He mentions but a few of his works, yet attributes to him that vagary in Gothic of Hawkesmoor's, the quadrangle of All Souls, and afterwards acknowledges his mistake. In the critical passages he shows an unbecoming prejudice, and cannot speak even of the Radcliffe Library without an objection. Not that I would deny everything that he says, for Gibbs had great limitations; yet with all these was the most significant architect, in a time that presumed to architecture as being one of the most liberal of the Arts, the most polite of studies. Lately we have heard much of certain proposals to demolish or mutilate two of Gibbs' finest buildings in London, the churches of St. Mary le Strand and St. Martin in the Fields; and so I thought it not out of time to make a choice of such material as I could collect for a notice of him, casting it into as pleasing a relation as the staidness of the subject would admit.

It is in that dreary repository of forgotten lore and brief celebrity, the "Scots Magazine," that the only account of the early life of Gibbs occurs, which, as far as I am aware, has hitherto been known to his biographers. This little notice, dated from Aberdeen, Aug. 1760, is written, after the manner of that time, under the "disguised name" of Palladio; but though replete with events of the first interest, yet in several important matters it fails to satisfy us. I have, however, chanced to find, among the manuscripts in the Soane Museum, a second account of the early part of his life. It occurs at the end of a volume containing a fair draught of certain memoranda by Gibbs of buildings chiefly in Rome and other parts of Italy; and must have

been written by someone conversant with Gibbs' works on architecture, and with the incidents attending their erection ; from which I am led to suggest that it was done by John Borlach, his draughtsman. But be this as it may, it reveals to us the two facts of his life, with which, of those hitherto unknown, we should most desire to be acquainted, the date of his birth, and the name of the master under whom he studied at Rome. This manuscript I have chiefly followed, except in my account of those years of his life spent at Aberdeen and in Holland. During this period, I have preferred the little biography in the "Scots Magazine," as being the more circumstantial and particular, and as appearing to have been gathered from such as remembered him during those earlier years passed in the city of his birth. But in following these authorities I have been forced to rely upon my own judgment, since there are several discrepancies between them, of which it would be impossible here to speak.

James Gibbs, the son of Peter Gibbs, a Roman Catholic merchant, and Isabel Farquhar, his second wife, was born 26th Dec. 1682, at his father's house of Footdeesmire in the links of Aberdeen. Of the other children of Peter Gibbs, all died young except William, a son by his first wife. James was educated at the grammar school and the Marischal College of Aberdeen, where he took the degree of Master of Arts. His father and mother both dying, he lived some time with his aunt, Elspeth Farquhar, and her husband, Peter Morison, a merchant in Aberdeen, prosecuting his studies there.

"Mr. Gibbs having no stock, and but few friends, resolved to seek his fortune abroad. . . . As he had always discovered a strong inclination to the mathematics, he spent some years in the service of an architect and master builder in Holland. The Earl of Mar happening to be in that country . . . Mr. Gibbs was introduced to him." Lord Mar was himself inclined to the pursuit of architecture, "and finding his countryman Mr. Gibbs to be a man of genius, he not only favoured him with his countenance and advice, but generously assisted him with money and recommendatory letters, in order, by travelling, to complete himself as an architect."

Thus furnished, after journeying through Switzerland and Germany, Gibbs passed into Italy. "He was highly pleased

with the fine Buildings, Pictures, and Statues he saw in the great towns of Italy, in his way to Rome, but when He gott to that famous City, it surpassed all the rest in magnificence and grandeur." There applying himself to the study of architecture, he "got recomended to Cavalier Carolo Fontana, surveyour general to Pope Clement the eleventh, and architect to St. Peeters Church, and studied in his school some years, wher he was taught Architectur, geometry, and perspective." This Fontana, not to be confounded with the earlier architect, Domenico Fontana, was born in 1634, and, becoming a pupil of Bernini, lived chiefly in Rome, and died there in 1714. Through him, therefore, Gibbs would immediately receive the best influences of the later Italian Renaissance; and upon such instruction naturally form that Roman manner which afterwards contributed so markedly to the distinguishing style of his work. Allan Cunningham, a superficial enquirer, tells us that at Rome, Gibbs "studied several years under Garroli, a sculptor and architect of considerable note"; but does not give his authority for the statement. I find that Pier-Francesco Garoli was a painter of architecture, born at Turin in 1638, who went to Rome, and died in 1716; but that he practised architecture I have not yet read. It is, therefore, not without reason to infer that Gibbs may have acquired from Garoli a knowledge of architectural drawing. Of his other studies at this time we have some record in the memoranda contained in the Soane manuscript, of which I have already spoken. It is entitled: "A few Short Cursory Remarks on some of the finest Antient and modern Buildings in Rome, and other parts of Italy, by Mr. Gibbs while he was Studying Architecture there, being Memorandums for his own use. 1707—and not intended to be made public being imperfect." A pen has been drawn through the date 1707, and in a certain sense rightly, for these notes could not have been cast into their present form until after 1725, since a book published in that year is mentioned in it. But there is little or nothing in them to detain us, saving they show that all the chief cities of Italy were known to him.

"He loved to live at Rome and would have stayed longer, But having received letters from his friends that his brother was in a very bad state of health and desireing him to come

home, he was obliged to leave Italy, and came to London in 1709, wher he heard his brother had ben dead some time, so after he had settled his affaires in Scotland, he was employed in his profession by several Noblemen and gentlemen." The Earl of Mar was now a member of the Privy Council, and his lordship being convinced that Gibbs was worthy of the countenance he had shown him, introduced him to his friends as a man of great knowledge in his profession; and among those from whom he received his first encouragement, was John, 2nd Duke of Argyll. In 1713, Lord Mar was appointed one of the secretaries of state for Great Britain.

Beyond Arundel House in the Strand, says Stow, "on the street side, was sometime a fair Cemitorie (or Churchyard) and in the same a parish Church, called of the natiuitie of our Ladie, and the innocents at the Strand, and of some, by meane of a brotherhood kept there, called of *S. Vrsula* at the Strand." This church, together with certain "inns" and tenements, was "by commandement of *Edwarde* Duke of *Sommer*set vncke to *Edward* the sixth, and Lord Protector, pulled downe, and made leuell ground, in the yeare 1549. In this place whereof he builded that large and goodly house, now called *Somerset* house." For more than a hundred and fifty years the inhabitants of St. Mary le Strand continued without a church of their own, being forced to worship in those of the neighbouring parishes. Towards the end of February, however, in the year 1711, an address from Convocation was presented to Parliament, "in relation to the extreme want of churches" in London; and on the 28th of May following, the Bill granting to Her Majesty several duties upon coals, for building fifty new churches in and about the cities of London and Westminster, and the suburbs thereof, passed the Commons. It was resolved by the Commissioners under this Act, that the parish of St. Mary le Strand should be amongst those in which these new churches were to be built. The present site, at that time "a vacant peece of ground near the may pole in the Strand," was accordingly purchased, and Gibbs' designs for the new building were chosen. It was, he tells us, "the first publick Building I was employed in after my arrival from Italy; which being situated in a very publick place, the Comissioners . . . spar'd

no cost to beautify it." The first stone was laid 15th Feb., 1714, after an earlier design more capacious than that now built had been laid aside, since it exceeded the dimensions of the ground allowed by Act of Parliament for that building.

"There was at first," Gibbs relates, "no Steeple design'd for that church, only a small *Campanile*, or Turret for a Bell, was to have been over the West End of it: But at the distance of 80 feet from the West Front there was a Column, 250 feet high, intended to be erected in Honour of Queen ANNE, on the top of which her Statue was to be placed."—I read elsewhere that this "large brass figure was ordered to be cast by Soldani of Florence," and that it was made, and partly paid for.—"My Design for the Column was approved by the Commissioners, and a great quantity of Stone was brought to the place for laying the Foundation of it; but the thoughts of erecting that monument being laid aside upon the Queen's Death, I was ordered to erect a Steeple instead of the *Campanile* first propos'd." That part of the building, upon which this Bell Turret was originally to have rested, "being then advanced 20 feet above ground, and therefore admitting of no alteration from East to West, which was only 14 feet, I was obliged to spread it [*i.e.* the new Steeple] from South to North, which makes the Plan oblong, which otherwise should have been square."

It would be tedious to speak of the many objections which have been urged against the exterior of this church, nor do I think it would be profitable. To me, they seem but the various expressions of critics who have been unable to appreciate the aims and difficulties of the architect, and unable, therefore, to estimate the success of his design. The limitations arising from the narrowness of the site were, of necessity, considerable; and it may be that Gibbs sought to escape from them, when he placed before the Commissioners that earlier design, afterwards laid aside, "since it exceeded the dimensions of the Ground allowed by Act of Parliament." There is, however, one very serious defect, not to be referred to this cause. It is the unpleasing shallowness of the steeple, consequent upon its oblong plan, when seen from the north or south side; but the reason of this defect has already been explained in a preceding passage, a defect which Gibbs was powerless to avoid. Indeed, the entire

steeple, in no way a part of the original design, is in a sense to be deplored. A lofty and intricate super-structure of this kind, which carries the eye away from the body of the building, demands that those portions of the elevation which are below it, should be subordinated to itself, and not, as in this case, of an equal richness. Had there been but the campanile as first designed, this richness of parts, amounting, as some have thought, almost to an over-elaboration, would have composed itself, and the common outcry of its detractors had been wanting. But to turn to the inside of the building, where we may well put away all critical niceties, for the interior of this church far surpasses any other of his works. It consists of a single aisle, the eastern end of which is apsidal in plan, and over the west door is a singing gallery of great beauty. This interior is lighted from above, for the windows are set in the upper order, the wall of the lower "being solid to keep out Noises from the Street." The effect of light thus obtained adds not a little to the quiet dignity of an interior altogether admirable. Accept what its author has to give, and how fine is the gift notwithstanding its limitations! What rhythm of design, what solemnity, how much of that inscrutable quality we call style! Truly, in this place we have touched the hem of his garment and the virtue is gone out from him, perhaps never again to proceed with so gentle an influence. But it is deplorable that this beautiful church should be defaced, as it is at present, by foolish glass and unmeaning decoration; especially true is this of the nave windows, which are all the more offensive from having a certain pretence to what is fine and restrained.

Owing to the extreme oxidation of the iron used in the clamps and dowels of this building, the stonework is becoming so shattered, that some means or other to stay such a course of things is now entirely necessary. May all repairs be done with judgment, and with as little change of the fabric as possible. May we also hear no more proposals for the demolition of a church which is, perhaps, the choicest piece of regular art that has been given us since Wren gave us his own transcendent inventions.

It was a fancy of mine which pleased me, that Gibbs coming from Italy to London, and as yet unacquainted with the works of Wren, produced this, the earliest of his build-

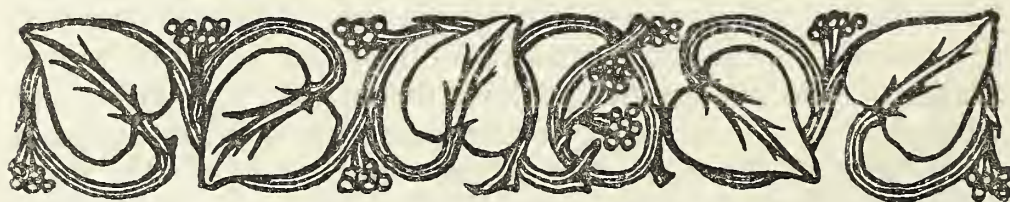
ings, under a first admiration of the Art of that great master ; for there is, underlying its Roman air and liberality of ornament, a certain plain singleness of intention, a certain English temper, which no other building of Gibbs' possesses. It was, therefore, with uncommon pleasure that I came upon the following passage in the Soane manuscript, already mentioned, since it bears out the conjecture as fully as I could have looked for any contemporary account of him to do : " Sir Christopher Wren was much his friend who having seen some of Mr. Gibbs drawings was much pleased with them, he was then finishing St. Pauls Church " ; this would be about 1710, for the last stone of the cathedral was laid that year. And so, as I judge, this building is not truly characteristic of its author. The whole fabric is generous with a delicate beauty, to which a second time Gibbs would appear never to have attained. Upon him, coming flushed with the exuberant Art of Italy, the sublime, though chastened, spirit of Wren, caught here for a moment, worked but a passing mood, and the master presently assumes that dry stateliness of manner, which became with him almost academical.

These, then, are the recorded influences that went to determine the fashion of his genius ; but of these one is pre-eminent, for it abided with him. It is the influence of Rome ; Rome, the imperishable mother of infinite tradition, not only in this art of architecture, but in the whole rule of life, at once most admirable and most deadly. Consider her practice in building, whose art is yet the art of the Dorians, refined and enriched by the after-genius of Greece ; and whose science, even of to-day, is of the royal times, of the ages that were before the Tarquins. The immemorial conception of the Greek order, with the still more remote invention of the arch, seem to us at this present to have sprung up in the midst of a people, that looked behind to no forerunners, to whom the temper of repeated tradition was unknown. Through the recess of Time, such priceless beginnings of the art appear to have come into as sudden an existence as the seemingly elemental water which gushes from the fruitful earth, the patient mother of all things, a perfected creature, pure and without stain. It was these effectual, though early, productions, which were instinctively

absorbed by the austere, laborious Roman nature ; and what in Greece might have proved changeable or transitory, grew fixed and eternal upon the Italian soil. Beneath the changing lights of Time,—the glamour of the imperial luxury, the morning light of the Middle Age,—their same tradition lived on to be re-inspired by the genius of the Renaissance, to grow passive among the later academic observances ; and like Rome herself continues yet, splendid, sensuous, pagan, and at the heart unalterable. And who shall resist a succession so glorious, a succession almost hieratic ? Alas ! it is not our master alone that has been willing to forego the distinctions of an individual, and to abstain from what little of his own he might have added to the yet increasing store of beauty and imagination, committed to us through the ages, if by that, he might become an almost undiscernible portion of this tide of tradition, and participate in its authority.

The catholicism of his father, or it may be of his fathers, and that it had run in their blood, a natural trait, since St. Margaret had conformed her people to the faith ; the catholicism in which his childhood had been passed, and which seemed the more full of colour by reason of the hard, cold setting of Presbyterianism by which it was surrounded, had to him unconsciously proved a true education, indeed bringing him forth out of the wilderness. By no straight and direct way, but through many opposite and conflicting interests she led him, deviously it might seem, but surely as it fell out. And were we to attempt to discover what in the art of Wren had been attractive to him, we might stumble upon the influences of Bernini, and so be brought once more to the gates of the Eternal City. "Quid melius Româ?" For him at least, her service was sufficient. He had submitted himself to all the fascinations of traditional art, and acknowledged its excellence. "He loved to live at Rome, and would have stayed longer." (*To be concluded.*)

HERBERT P. HORNE.





NEW BOOK BY MR. WHITMAN.

A new book has just come to us from America, from Mr. Walt Whitman. It is entitled "November Boughs," and is but a little volume of one hundred and forty pages, of which only nineteen are devoted to poetry: the rest are taken up with short, unconnected articles upon a variety of subjects. Here are the headings of some of them; "Our Eminent Visitors," "The Bible as Poetry," "Robert Burns as Poet and Person," "A Word about Tennyson," "Slang in America," "Some War Memoranda," "Elias Hicks."

Yet this volume, small as it is, has a particular and a very great interest. I here use this expression with more than usual significance, use it by no means as a mere commonplace compliment. The book opens with an article of thirteen pages, called "A Backward Glance o'er Travel'd Roads." We find in it a review by Mr. Whitman of all his past work, a quiet exposition of what have been his intentions and aims, of what he hopes and expects for the future of America and of the world. It is this opening article, then, which gives the new volume its greatest, its unique value. We may agree or we may disagree with Mr. Whitman, but there can be no mistake any more as to what he means and what he desires: here is his own clear summary of all that he has given us, the summary of thirty years' enthusiastic life and work.

I am not to attempt in any sense a Review of "November Boughs," but merely call attention to its publication. Probably by the time this notice is in print the book will be in the hands of the English publishers, and, if I may express a hope, in those of not a few English readers. I confine myself for the moment entirely to the opening article; and I will try by a series of quotations from it to give some idea of what Mr. Whitman tells us about himself, and some foretaste of how much of suggestive, of immense and even absorbing interest there is in store for those, who shall by-and-bye possess and read the book for themselves.

"After completing my poems," then, writes Mr. Whitman, "I am curious to review them in the light of their own (at the time unconscious, or mostly unconscious) intentions,

with certain unfoldings of the thirty years they seek to embody." "I look upon 'Leaves of Grass' as my definitive *carte visite* to the coming generations of the New World." "That I have not gain'd the acceptance of my own time; that from a worldly and business point of view 'Leaves of Grass' has been worse than a failure—that public criticism on the book and myself shows mark'd anger and contempt more than anything else; and that solely for publishing it I have been the object of two or three pretty serious special official buffetings—is all probably no more than I ought to have expected. I had my choice when I commenced. I bid neither for soft eulogies, big money returns, nor the approbation of existing schools and conventions." "The best comfort of the whole business is that I have had my say entirely my own way—the value thereof to be decided by time."

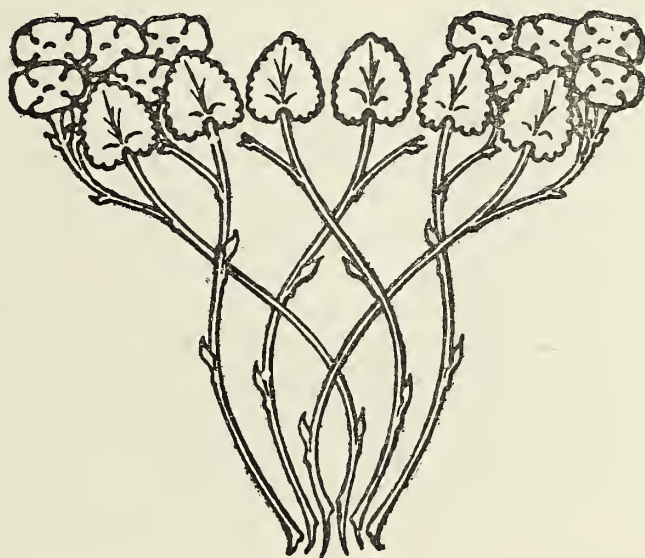
Then as to the nature of "Leaves of Grass." "It gives one man's identity, ardors, observations, faiths, and thoughts, color'd hardly at all with any decided coloring from other faiths or other identities." "I would sing, and leave out or put in, quite solely with reference to America and to-day." "The true use for the imaginative faculty of modern times is to give ultimate vivification to facts, to science, and to common lives, endowing them with the glows and glories and final illustriousness which belong to every real thing, and to real things only. Without that ultimate vivification, which the poet or other artist alone can give, reality would seem incomplete, and science, democracy, and life itself, finally in vain." "I know very well that my 'Leaves' could not possibly have emerged from any other era than the latter half of the Nineteenth Century, nor any other land than democratic America, and from the absolute triumph of the National Union arms." "The Old World has had the poems of myths, fictions, feudalism, conquest, caste, dynastic wars, and splendid exceptional characters and affairs, which have been great: but the New World needs the poems of realities and science, and of the democratic average and basic equality, which shall be greater. In the centre of all, and object of all, stands the Human Being, towards whose heroic and spiritual evolution poems and everything directly or indirectly tend, Old World or New." "'Leaves of Grass' is avowedly the song of Sex and Amativeness, and even Ani-

mality." "Of this feature, intentionally palpable in a few lines, I shall only say the espousing principle of those lines so gives breath of life to my whole scheme that the bulk of the pieces might as well have been left unwritten were those lines omitted." "But it is not on 'Leaves of Grass' distinctively as *literature*, that I feel to dwell or advance claims. No one will get at my verses who insists upon viewing them as a literary performance."

Then this, lastly, "for the imaginative genius of the West, when it worthily rises—really great poetry is always the result of a national spirit, and not the privilege of a polish'd and select few: the strongest and sweetest songs yet remain to be sung."

No one can read this "Backward Glance" of Mr. Whitman's without being moved by its simplicity, its noble tone, its pathos. It is as the voice of an old prophet in benediction and farewell. Across the waters of the Atlantic he holds out his hand to us; let us clasp it fervently: let us bow with reverence to receive that blessing, with which he bids us be of good cheer and go forward.

SELWYN IMAGE.





THE NINE MUSES, FROM THE PAINTING BY TINTORET.

There is, perhaps, no other picture in England which so entirely shows the grandest and most characteristic qualities of the art of Tintoret, which bears such deep traces of the aim expressed in that famous sentence of his, "Il disegno di Michelangelo, e il colorito di Tiziano," as the painting by him, of "The Nine Muses," reproduced by way of frontispiece to our present number; yet it is hung in a dark corner of the Second Presence Chamber at Hampton Court Palace, and is known but to few persons. It would be a most desirable thing, if this painting could be brought to London, as the Cartoons of Raphael have been, and shown in a proper light at our National Gallery.

This picture was, in all probability, one of the series of four painted for the Emperor Rudolph II., which Ridolfi in his *Life of Tintoret* thus records: "Per Ridolfo II. imperadore dipinse quattro quadri di favole per le sue stanze, con figure a pari del vivo. In uno le Muse che, ridotte in un giardino, formano un concerto di musica con varii strumenti. Nell' altro Giove, che reca al seno di Guinone Bacco fanciullo, nato di Semele. Il terzo era di Sileno entrato al bujo nel letto di Ercole credendosi goder Jole. Ercole medesimo nel quarto, che si mira in uno specchio, adorno di lascivie femminili dalla medesima Jole." If the conjecture is correct, and the picture at Hampton Court was originally one of the series of four, it must have been painted during the later part of Tintoret's life, since the election of Rudolph II. did not take place until 1576, and the painter died in 1594. From the inventory of the King's goods, drawn up by the Parliamentarians at the death of Charles I., we learn that the picture was then at Greenwich Palace: and although sold at that time with the rest of the old Royal Collection, it would appear to have been among such of the King's pictures as were recovered at the Restoration, since it occurs in the catalogue of James II.'s collection. The picture is painted on a canvas measuring 6ft. 8in. by 10ft. 6in., and in the left hand corner is the inscription "IACOMO TENTORETO EN VENETIA."

THE EDITOR.

NOTES ON CONTEMPORARY WORK.

The success of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition, at the New Gallery, would seem, for several reasons, to indicate the beginning of a time when Art shall be more widely understood than it is now. It shows, at least, that there are a certain number of people who are willing to regard the minor architectural arts from a serious standpoint; and as worthy the study of cultured men. On the other hand, the exhibition was disappointing, in so much as it showed in how few hands is our really first-rate decorative work; and how impossible it would seem, at the present time, to possess the architectural sense. In every exhibited work, in which considerations of a purely architectural character entered, there was, without exception, something unsatisfactory. At least, the Society is to be congratulated on the way in which they conducted their exhibition, and illustrated it by their admirable lectures: and it is to be hoped that, next year, they will meet with still more success, and be able to be the means of introducing us to the efforts of young men, whose work, at least, promises first-rate qualities in the future.

We earnestly commend to all those, who have any real care for the future of English prose, Mr. Pater's article on "Style," in the "Fortnightly Review" for December. The essay is as valuable, and worthy of careful study, as any single view of so complex a subject can well be.

On the 10th of November last, a preliminary meeting was held at the house of Mrs. Evans Bell in Addison Road, the Kazi Shahabudin in the chair, to consider what might be done towards conserving the native arts of India; and a Provisional Committee was appointed for the purpose of calling a constituent meeting for the public consideration of the subject. The Kazi Shahabudin, Sir George Birdwood, and several other gentlemen connected with India, have already joined the committee; while among the names associated with English Art, are those of Mr. Ford Madox Brown, Mr. Holman Hunt, Mr. Frederic Shields, Mr. H. P. Horne, and Mr. Walter Crane. The further particulars of the movement may be had on application to the Honorary Secretary, Miss T. Evans Bell, 9, Addison Road, Kensington.

A mural tablet in commemoration of the officers and men of the 92nd Gordon Highlanders, who fell in the Zulu and Afghan campaigns, has recently been erected in St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh. The monument has been executed from the designs of Mr. Frederic Shields; and consists of a relief in bronze, surrounded by a broad space of hammered brass, on which are engraved the names of the officers and

men commemorated, the whole being let into a slab of red marble. The central relief, modelled by Mr. T. Nelson MacLean from Mr. Shield's design, represents a Highlander lying on the ground at the moment of death. Above him stand on either side two female figures; the one, Military Fidelity holding a palm and laurel wreath, the other, Heavenly Hope bearing the torch of undying life, and unveiling her face to the prostrate soldier. In the background is the city of Cabul. The commission for the design was given to Mr. Shields by Colonel, now Major-General, Hay, at the suggestion of Sir Noel Paton.

At Quebec Chapel, on the Sunday next before Advent, Purcell's anthem, "My Beloved spake," taken from the Song of Solomon, was performed at Evensong, with its proper voices and instruments. There is, it would seem, no record of its having thus been fully given at any previous time. This performance of Purcell's anthem is due to the devotion which Rev. E. W. Christie, the curate of Quebec Chapel, has for our early music. So long as we consider the mere control over a great volume of sound the most desirable quality in Music, we are not likely to share in this admiration of the restraint of the seventeenth-century composers.

A charming book for children, and indeed for older people, has recently been published by Messrs. Longmans, entitled: "The Besom Maker and other country folk songs, collected and illustrated by Heywood Sumner." These songs are accompanied by their original airs; and Mr. Sumner expresses a belief that the tunes and versions included in his collection are not to be found in any current British song and ballad book. Certainly the spirit in which the designs have been fitted to these songs is all that it should be; and there is a touch of refinement and humour, throughout the book, not commonly found in such productions. Yet notwithstanding their very considerable charm, these illustrations never really possess that rarest, yet most necessary, quality of all book-illustration, the decorative element.

The Exhibition of Pastils at the Grosvenor Gallery was interesting as showing how inferior is the work of our younger draughtsmen, who have studied in Paris, to their French originals. There is, however, one English artist, Mr. C. H. Shannon, exhibiting here, who promises in time to give us imaginative work, fine in its interest, and distinctive in its conception and treatment. At present, he labours under influences not sufficiently severe to admit of his doing the finest work. The large qualities, which Classic and Italian Art alone give us, are more necessary for any imaginative work, that may be produced in England, than the lighter, and, perhaps, more fascinating qualities of the Art of Japan, or Modern France.

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IN drawing attention to our own work, we have added, with their permission, the names of those workers in art whose aim seems to us most nearly to accord with the chief aim of this magazine. Our list at present is necessarily limited, but with time and care we hope to remedy this defect.

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